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CHINESE VESSELS AND BOATS.

All the arts of the Chinese present some features well calculated to excite our curiosity, and to lead us to make inquiries for their origin. Whatever were the sources from which that singular people derived their arts, as well as their customs, they must lie far back in antiquity; and offer many evidences of an origin different from those of Europe. Many of the tools with which the craftsmen of China perform the most common mechanical operations, are constructed on different principles from ours, and appear to have always been as unlike them as now. No doubt the increase of intercourse, now beginning, between that people and Europeans and Americans, must make important changes, as they have, in fact, many improvements to learn.

The Chinese perhaps have shown their childish ignorance and foolish conceit as much in relation to their sea vessels as in anything. Their ships are furnished with very awkward sails and rigging, and often decorated with the most clumsy and ridiculous ornaments. Their war ships are so unwieldy, ill-provided, and ill-managed, as to be mere objects of contempt to naval na-

tions; and some idea may be formed of the infancy of their tactics, from a grand plan gravely proposed by one of their naval commanders to the government, for the defeat and destruction of the English fleet at the commencement of the late war. He proposed, in a long formal document, which was printed, that all provisions and people should be withdrawn from the coast for a short time, until the enemy (whom he supposed to have no stores of food) should have grown hungry; and then that a Chinese ship should be allowed to fall into their hands, the crew of which should lie in close concealment, until the "red imps" should get on board, when they should rise, and kill them all before they could recover their presence of mind!

But we must remember that arts and sciences are, and always must be, judged of by comparison. The Chinese ships are in some respects equal to the galleys of Phenicia, Greece and Rome, and better worthy of our regard, as more subservient to useful commerce, and less to the inhuman purposes of plunder and war. Specimens of several kinds of small vessels and boats are

given in our print ; and we compile the following description of some of them, from a late and valuable little work, Vol. 10th, of "Knights' Weekly Volumes for all readers." It will be perceived, that the internal navigation of China is one of the most important in the world for extent, value of transport, and the accommodation it affords to travellers. Accompanying these descriptions, are some important facts, illustrating the customs of the country, which we shall not omit, especially because the work is new, and from the pen of the English Governor of Hong-Kong, Sir John Francis Davis.

"There is no post regulated by the government for facilitating the general intercourse of its subjects. The government expresses are forwarded by land along a line of posts, at each of which a horse is always kept ready ; and it is said, that when the haste is urgent, a feather is tied to the packet, and the express is called a *fei-ma*, or flying horse. There is printed, for general use, a very accurate itinerary of the empire. The public porters are under the management of a headman, who is responsible for them. There is no country in which horses are so little used, either for carriage or draft. Where no rivers or canals afford the conveniences of water carriage, the roads, or rather broad pathways, are paved, in the south, for horses, chairs and foot passengers ; but no wheel-carriages were met with by the embassies, except in the flat country towards Peking."

"But, putting speed out of the question, there certainly is no country in the world, in which travelling by water is so commodious as China. Indeed all the river craft of that people may be said to be unrivalled. The small draft of water, and at the same time the great burthen and stiffness of their vessels, the perfect ease with which they are worked through the most intricate passages and most crowded rivers, and the surprising accommodation which they afford, have always attracted attention. The Arab Ibn Batuta states that they were moved by "large oars," which might be compared to great masts in size, over which five and twenty men were sometimes placed. He evidently alludes to the enormous and powerful sculls, which at the present day, are worked at the stern of their vessels, exactly as he describes. The scull takes up no room, as it is in the middle of the vessel. It is a moving power, precisely on the principle of the fish's tail, from which the fish derives almost its whole impetus, the fins doing little more than to keep the body upright. The composition of the two lateral forces, made to the right and to the left, drives the fish or the vessel forward. The sculls are sometimes 30 feet in length, and the friction is reduced to the least possible

amount, by the fulcrum being a tenon and mortice of iron, working comparatively on a point."

"The track-ropes, made of narrow strips of the strong siliceous surface of the bamboo, and combining the greatest strength with lightness, are very exactly described by Marco Polo. The oars which they occasionally use towards the head of their boats, are rather short, with broad blades, suspended in a loop, on a strong peg, at the side of the boat, and when useless drawn up close to the vessel's side, without any retarding effect, friction, or noise in the rullock, or room taken up."

The travelling barges used by mandarins and opulent persons, afford a degree of comfort and accommodation quite unknown in boats of the same description elsewhere ; but speed is a quality they do not possess. The roof is 7 or 8 feet high ; and they have an ante-room at the head for servants, a sitting-room about the middle of the boat, and a sleeping apartment abaft. All the cooking goes on upon the high, overhanging stern, where the crew also are accommodated. There are gangways of boards on each side of the vessel, which serve for pulling it along the shallows, by means of very long and light bamboos, and by which the servants pass to and fro. The better boats are very well lit by side windows of glass, scraped oyster shells, or gauze covered with pictures. The partitions and bulk-heads are painted and varnished. The decks or floors are made of pieces, which can be removed to stow different articles, and replaced. What is remarkable, although Chinese houses are generally very dirty, these boats are very clean and neat. "In short," says the Governor of Hong-Kong, "their travelling barges are as much superior to the crank and rickety budgerous of India, as our European ships are to the sea-junks of the Chinese. Nothing could more strongly characterize the busy trading character of the Chinese among themselves, and the activity of their internal traffic, than the numbers of passage boats which are constantly sailing along their rivers and canals, crowded both inside and out with a host of passengers. The fare in these vessels is, quaintly enough, termed *shuey-keo*, (water-legs,) as it serves in lieu of limbs to transport the body. But these are used by the common people, and carry a mixed company, so that the warning is stuck on the mast ; "Kin-shin-ho-paou"—(Take care of your purses.)

The loadstone is said to be mentioned in a Chinese book, which was finished in the 121st year after Christ, as a stone that will "give iron a direction:" while its attractive powers were known long before. About a century after, it is said, the compass was described in another book ; and, with its aid, their ships made voyages south, as early as A. D. 419. With the originality, frequent,

as we have before remarked in the arts of that people, the use of the compass is said to be, to point "*south*." We probably owe the invention to them, as their vessels formerly sailed to India, though now they go no farther than the Malay Islands and Java; and they must have communicated with the Arabs, by whom the compass was made known to Europe.

The Chinese vessels, or junks, as they are called, have been aptly compared to their shoes; and their form is so clumsy, and the absence of a keel is so important a defect, that there is no possibility of any great improvement in their construction, until the prejudice of the builders shall be so far overcome as to change their plan in these two fundamental points. In order to place the rudder, they think it necessary to split the stern, which exposes the vessel to danger. Their substitutes for tar and oakum are bad; a mixture of oil and gypsum, and bamboo shavings. Their common sails are mere mats, which are not easily managed, but yet are flat, and enable the vessels to lie nearer the wind than ours. The absence of keel, however, allows a monstrous lee-way. Their anchors, strange to hear, are made of wood, though a heavy kind, called by them *teih-mo*, (iron wood.) They often carry loose cotton topsails in light winds. They make no observations of the sun or other heavenly bodies, but sail by a book of directions and their compass. The seamen worship the Queen of Heaven as their protectress, and also their compass, which has red cloth upon it, and a kind of sacrifices are made before it. The sailors are some of the most abandoned of the people; each, however, have a share in the junk and its command.

Mr. Gutzlaff found them very much prejudiced against all changes; and a captain, because he could not discover the depth of the sea with a sextant, condemned it as an instrument "*truly barbarian*."

A THREE DAY'S HUNT IN ALABAMA.

BY JOHNSON J. HOOPER, ESQ.

We determined some time since, that the first convenient opportunity, which should occur during this season, we would betake ourselves to the woods with a gun, and endeavour to get out of our blood a little of the fever which two years without exercise or the bracing excitement of a hunt, had generated. The time at length arrived which we had appointed for our three days of freedom. Our friends Johnson, Smith and Jones, drove slumber from our eyes on Wednesday morning last, at earliest dawn, with the loudest and shrillest whoop that ever came by concert from three mortal throats. Each man had his poney, his saddle bag of provisions, his frying pan and tin cup.

The sun was just beginning to touch the

brown sides of the hills when our trail dashed precipitately down the rugged side of the little mountain, bringing us at once into the dense cane and bamboo thickets of Oakchun Swamp, which looked so much like the wilderness dwelling of real game, that we could not resist the impulse to give an honest, hearty, hound-inspiring halloo! We made every thing ring again, and having done so, we felt considerably relieved. Our five dogs meantime had been creeping through the cane, and very shortly after our whoop was given, scared up a turkey which perched in the very top of a lofty pine almost out of range; we fired—and missed. Jones brought him to the ground.

We now sought a convenient spot for camping. In a bend of the creek about a mile below the turkey tree, we found it. A half acre adjacent to the creek, with no other growth upon it than a few straggling reeds, and half a dozen huge walnut and sweet gum trees, was the spot. The boy kindled a fire and cooked breakfast which being swallowed, the poney were hobbled and turned into the cane. The next thing that claimed attention was the arrangement of the day's campaign. This was settled by giving Johnson and Jones both sides of the creek upwards, Smith the swamp on the left, and ourself that on the right bank downwards. Four of the dogs followed Smith, and "*Pont*" of course, was with me; the other two said they were "*dog enough*" themselves.

We all burst off, every man to his range. Judge of our astonishment then, at beholding before we had gone half a mile through the cane (to accomplish which consumed more than an hour) a stout black animal, a good deal like a black hog, dart out of the cane before us, and make for a huge hollow poplar! It was a bear—a cub of about six months old—a real, live, wild bear. There he was ascending the tree, and we with the "*trembles*" so bad, that we couldn't keep the gun on his broad back at forty steps! Arrived at the entrance of his den, the cub put one four paw into the hole, and letting go the other, turned a little round so as to have a good look at us. The head of another individual precisely similar, except in size, to our wag-gish cub, showed itself in the hole. And with that we pushed another bullet down the barrel of our gun, for we recollected some very terrible stories of the ferocity of the bears when defending their young. Prudence was always in large proportion to the other constituents of our valor. After cogitating a while on the novelty of our position, "*a long ways from home and nobody close by*" but a family of bears, we bethought ourselves of our horn, and forthwith sounded the notes "*want help*," most lustily. Smith and his dogs were soon on the spot, and the rest followed pretty soon. Johnson went to the camp and returned with the boy and axe.

The tree was a tremendous one, but it was resolved to fell it, which however was easy

work as it was a mere shell. When it started to fall, such a rumbling, scratching and tumbling as were made within, none but a "bear hunter" has ever heard. It could only be likened to the sounds produced by a half dozen school boys gamboling in the bowels of an old steamboat boiler. Down came the tree! out popped the old lady, next a cub; the dogs cover them. The old bear gives a gentle sling with one of her paws, and simultaneously therewith, old Troup's "clock work" comes in view through a gaping wound! Another sling—the "lan pup" finds himself yelping and bleeding ten feet off in the cane.—Cries of "don't shoot," "mind the dogs," "bring the axe," "come away Pont," "come away," are mingled with the crash of dry limbs and the cracking of the cane. It was not long before the bear disposed of both men and dogs; and though three shots were fired at her, she managed to get out of the scrape followed by the cub.

Suddenly all was silent, and disappointment was on every face. Hist! what noise is that? There's something in the old tree yet! Another cub! watch out, boys, at the ends of the log! Here he is, just mid-way of the log, and wedged in so that he can't move except to turn round! Sure enough this was the fact. Sam was instantly put to work to cut him out, and in a dozen licks, the black coat of the imprisoned cub was visible. The opening was then a little enlarged. And young Bruin then contrived to turn round, so as to bring his head to the hole. Sam's axe is poised—"steady, Sam! hit him right between the eyes!" The axe descends—the bear's head is cleft—he quivers and dies!

In the morning we found our way to the camp after day light. About nightfall, immense flocks of ducks descended into the little stagnant pools around us, and excited greatly the admiration and astonishment of Pont, who has a mortal antipathy for ducks, growing out of the ill-treatment he frequently receives at home from several individuals of that species, who help themselves out of his dish, when at his meals. Here was a chance for revenge, which the sagacious animal did not let slip. About midnight he awakened us, and giving us to understand that he had something on hand, he silently crept into the nearest lagoon, and with stealthy tread came upon a fine flock as the 'rode at anchor,' near the shore, like a fleet of little boats. He gently touches the tail of one, with his forepaw—the duck takes its head from under its wing—in an instant, Pont seized the head in his mouth and crushed it before the note of alarm could be sounded. Thus he despatched one by one, the whole flock! In the morning he piled up before us, twenty-seven fine fat ducks! We instantly voted him a silver collar.

Upon our return to the camp, we found that our companions had killed fifteen ducks, which with those taken by Pont, make the respectable number of forty-two. They had also kil-

ed a couple of young turkeys and a small doe.

Sam arrived about ten o'clock with a pack horse, and the weather threatening rain, it was agreed that we should break up camp and return home. But as we had not killed a single thing, the rest of the party consented to tramp with us up the creek to the Upper Ponde, where the "old trail" crosses the swamp; leaving the boy to make the best of his way home, with two poneys and the game. We saw no game, however, until just about leaving the swamp, when Jones fired suddenly into the cane, killing a young wild hog.—Quick as thought, the 'Patriarch' of the drove, a ferocious old black boar, rushed up to his fallen companion, with gleaming tusks and foaming mouth. A shot from Johnson damaged the old fellow's snout slightly, and so aroused his anger that he plunged at his enemies in the fiercest style, his bristles awfully erect, and his eyes almost emitting sparks. Jones was nearest him, and upon him the furious animal rushed, bearing him to the ground, to the great terror of all. It was a moment of the intensest agony, as the immense beast stood upon the body of our poor friend! What can be done? thought every one; the poor fellow will certainly be destroyed. Just at this perilous moment, Smith, with a presence of mind truly admirable, seized the hog by the tail, which he twisted so skillfully and vigorously that the old boar, instead of ripping up Jones, set up the sharpest and most discordant squealing that ever shocked auditory nerve. Here was a "triumph of mind over brute force!" The hog struggling with the strength of a giant, and Smith standing in the rear, quietly and smilingly twisting his tail as neatly and effectually as it could have been done by a patent spinning machine. Hog flesh could not stand it; the boar "gave in;" but his cries brought up within ten steps of us, several of the drove, who formed a semi-circle about us. We made Smith keep his tail-hold, until we shot four of them, and then "knifed" the old one. This was the *finale* of the hunt on the Oakchunhatchee; a hunt in all respects, we will venture to say, as successful as any of the season, in the State of Alamba.—*Ala. Paper.*

Proceedings of the American Ethnological Society, Vol. 1.

(For the Amer. Penny Magazine.)

Researches into the history of nations and tribes must naturally call for enquiries into various interesting departments of knowledge, and lead to the comparison of many facts, and the developement of new truths. The origin, relations and history of man, in the different states and conditions in which he has been found, are not only legitimate objects of enquiry, but are naturally connected with the melioration of

his condition. Whatever gives us correct views of his capabilities and wants, must qualify us the better to consult and to act for his benefit, and ought to increase our desire to promote the reign of peace and happiness over the habitable earth.

Ethnology may be regarded not as a new science, but as a combination of many sciences, for a new end. It has but recently begun to be distinctly pursued, or even received a name. About six years ago, a society was formed in London, under the name of the Society for the Protection of Aborigines; a leading member of which, by proposing the formation of a branch in Paris, gave occasion for the establishment of the French Ethnological Society, which has already produced a great number of valuable papers, a few of which have been published in the first volume of their transactions.

Our country offers some peculiar advantages for Ethnological enquiry; and that we have men disposed and qualified to pursue them, the volume which we have before noticed bears gratifying evidence.

We will endeavor to present below, in as brief a form as possible, some of the most important parts and opinions given us by Mr. Gallatin, in his "*Notes on the Semi-civilized Nations of Mexico, Yucatan and Central America.*"

"When," says he, "at the end of the fifteenth century, America was discovered by the Europeans, by far the greater part of that vast continent was inhabited by a multitude of small savage tribes, speaking different languages, and in the rudest state of society. They derived their subsistence principally from the natural products of the earth, and had no other arts but those which were absolutely necessary to their existence."

"Surrounded by that general darkness, some populous agricultural nations were found, with regular forms of government and of religious worship, occupying large cities, and which, though comparatively barbarous, had made no inconsiderable progress in arts and knowledge. The influence of these nations was, in some instances, felt beyond their actual boundaries: but their proper sites were exclusively between the tropics. In South America that semi-civilization did not even extend to the low inter-tropical regions which lie east of the eastern declivities of the Andes, and was, strictly speaking, confined to Peru and to the elevated table land of New Granada.

"In North America, it might be traced

from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean, embracing Mexico, Yucatan and Central America, and might be traced along the shores of the gulf of Mexico, from the northern tropic and the vicinity of the river Panuco, as far as Cape Honduras and the Indians of the Mosquito shore. On the Pacific Ocean North-west of the kingdom of Michoacan was inhabited by uncivilized tribes, vaguely designated as Chichimecs, and Otomis. But the civilization alluded to extended south-eastwardly, along the shores of that ocean, from about the 20th degree of north latitude, as far at least as Nicaragua, if not Costa Rica.

"We have the names of fifteen distinct languages now spoken in Mexico; but of these some belong to northern tribes, uncivilized at the conquest. North of the old kingdom of Michoacan, the original tribes appear to have been superceded by those of the Mexican race.

"The Aztec or Mexican language was spoken in the valley of Mexico, and its eastern and northern confines. In Meztlan. The Tavasca was spoken at Vera Cruz, and the Huasteca north of that on the gulf.—The Otomi language was spoken by a people intermingled with the Mexicans and several other tribes. Some resemblance to the Chinese is said to have been discovered in it. Mr. Gallatin has found no resemblance between the words of the Mexicans and those of the neighbouring tongues; and the Otomi is remarkably unlike the rest.

"In Yucatan only one language was spoken, the Maya; but there were seven in Guatemala. The Maya and the Huasteca, (north of Vera Cruz, as above mentioned,) are kindred tongues.

In the fifth section of his learned and valuable paper, Mr. Gallatin says:—"It is not intended to discuss at large the question, whence the first inhabitants of America originally came, farther than to observe, that all the probabilities point out Asia."—His remarks he gives us under the following heads:

1st. The physical type of the Americans, either in reference to color and other external appearances, or as regards the shape of the skull, the facial angle and other anatomical characteristics, is more similar to that of the Eastern Asiatics, than to that of the inhabitants of any other portion of the globe."

2nd. "The proximity, or rather the greater facility of communication, is also in favor of Asia." Had Columbus "known the true distance between the shores of Portugal and

those of China, ignorant as he was of the great intervening continent, his courage and enthusiasm might perhaps have been equal to the enterprize, but he would have found neither protectors nor companions." He then alludes to the facilities of transit from Asia to America, offered not only near Behring's straits but by the numerous islands which are scattered over a large part of the Pacific ocean.

"Philology has not yet been able to draw any positive inference on the subject. The time of the settlement is a very important one; and every thing indicates that it was very early. There are more than one hundred languages in America, totally different in words, but almost all alike in construction."—And Mr. G. concludes that the continent was peopled by many unconnected bands, landing at different times and places.

For the American Penny Magazine.

A SKETCH IN ENGLAND.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER.

The undulating country between Dover and London was varied by the hues of different crops; and, as it was the beginning of the month of May, the hawthorn hedges by the road-side had begun to show their white blossoms, which send forth at twilight a delicate and spicy perfume. The excellence of the road, the speed of the stage-coach, and above all, the serenity of the weather, raised my mind to that tone of exhilaration which best fitted it for enjoying the scene, and, as I now find on reviewing it, for remembering it with the utmost delight. It was but the day before that I was in France, under the sceptre of a King, in the midst of French, a babbler in their tongue, formed by education at least a foreigner to their customs and a non-conformist to their taste. The previous evening I had set down to a tea-table with tears in my eyes, retired to a carpeted bed-room, and slept under my mother's own white coverlet; yes, worked with the same non-descript birds and the same unearthly flowers. And now every turn in the road brought some new beauty before my eyes—for every cottage seemed to me peculiarly blessed in a country where my native language was spoken.

My travelling companions were as various in appearance and habits as stage passengers usually are: a fat, intemperate master of a

brig in the Thames, a London shop keeper, a half-pay army Captain, who was also a warm methodist, and several young fellows of the lower class bound to Canterbury on a frolic. Their mixed conversation afforded me entertainment, for they had all provincial dialects, they took such various views of the same subject, and betrayed such different characters and interests as to produce a multiplication of objects. I am perfectly convinced that I have failed in attempting this simple description, but a traveller will excuse it, being aware that in such circumstances every one can feel what few, very few have the gift to express.

But there was another reflection continually in my mind, and which no American can ever stifle if he would—I was in the land of my fathers. How much soever I might consider my own country superior to theirs, however it has been left behind by our rapid progress in improvement, however much I love the the equal farms and the plain farm-houses of our northern states, more than this cottage, than yonder overgrown estate, with its sumptuous mansion: yet this is the land of my ancestors; and my imagination points to yonder retired village as a recess which may contain the remains of the stock from which I have been so long divided. I long to wind my way through the lonely path which leads thither, and to ask the dumb sculptured records in the old church yard, if they know the name of my family.

I felt an interest in these hills and vallies, because they have been the habitations of men who have been sliding for centuries on the current of time without ruffling its surface, but who might point to valuable customs they helped to form, and to portions in the laws of their country which they helped to establish—nay, they might open the constitution of the United States, and point to principles which they advocated in their lives and perpetuated in their children. Perhaps they have fought in more ancient times for the defence of this land, and paid drops of blood for every rood of the soil, to the Norman, the Roman, the Saxon, and the Dane. England, I love thee, generous fountain of so much happiness—of so many of those honest customs, and I hesitate not to say it, honest prejudices, among which I was born and bred. The religion, the society of France occurred

to my mind. England, thy children are blessed indeed, and I would fain—

Such reveries were interrupted, as the coach stopped for an instant at an inn door in a small village, by the voice of a man who requested alms—not in the whining tone of a French beggar who will cry “long life to King George!” or Huzza for Wellington!” on the desperate hope of a sous: but with the calm voice of a man in real distress—“Gentlemen, I have eaten nothing to day and have no money, will you give me a half-penny?” He was a man verging towards sixty, yet with an elastic step, a decent dress somewhat worn, a traveller’s staff in his hand, and a face respectable both for age and the steady undaunted gaze of an honest man. To our questions he replied that he was a stocking weaver from a town whose name I do not recollect, had been thrown out of employment by the reduction of business, was on his way to Winchester,—county, to demand aid of his native parish. “Gentlemen,” continued he, “I am not used to begging—I have bro’t up fourteen children in honesty, with the labor of these hands, and I trust shall leave them a good example—I am not used to begging—I was once too proud.—But there is one thing that can conquer pride—and that is starvation.”

“Trust in God,” whispered the old soldier, as he handed him a penny—“Here is some, thing for beer,” cried the sailor tauntingly, as he threw him some money. The old man stood leaning on his staff, and looking steadily in his bloated face before he moved to touch his gift, replied with a severity and dignity suited to his age, much more than to his want, “If I had been to ale-houses in my youth I should not now be walking thirty miles a day on a bit of bread and a draught of water; I should not now converse with a quick ear and a clear eye—I should not show you at sixty-three, a step shaken only by sorrow and want—I should not look upon you with a face changed but by age and starvation.”

Then, as if glorying at the recollection of his uprightness, he stooped for the money, gave us all his blessing, and proceeded on his lonely and toilsome journey.

My course of thought was changed. America, thought I, would you but estimate half the blessings you enjoy, you would be happy. I have now learned for life, in one more form, the value of my own home—and, whenever I begin to long for foreign lands, I will think of the Winchester weaver.

Maple Sugar.—They are doing wonders with maple sugar in Vermont, clarifying it, and rendering it as white and as sparkling as the best loaf. The Boston Transcript says, “We have been astonished to observe the great perfection and delicacy at which some of our manufactures of sugar from the juice of the maple tree

have arrived. A lump of this article, refined, clear, and sparkling, has been sent to us as made by Mr. Hovey, of Berlin, Vermont, whose residence is on the line of the Vermont Central Railroad, and who probably will see much of his beautiful manufacture transported across the road into other places. Sold at the low rate of ten cents per pound, it ought to be in demand, and certainly is a Vermont production of a very available nature.

THE FARMERS’ CLUB.

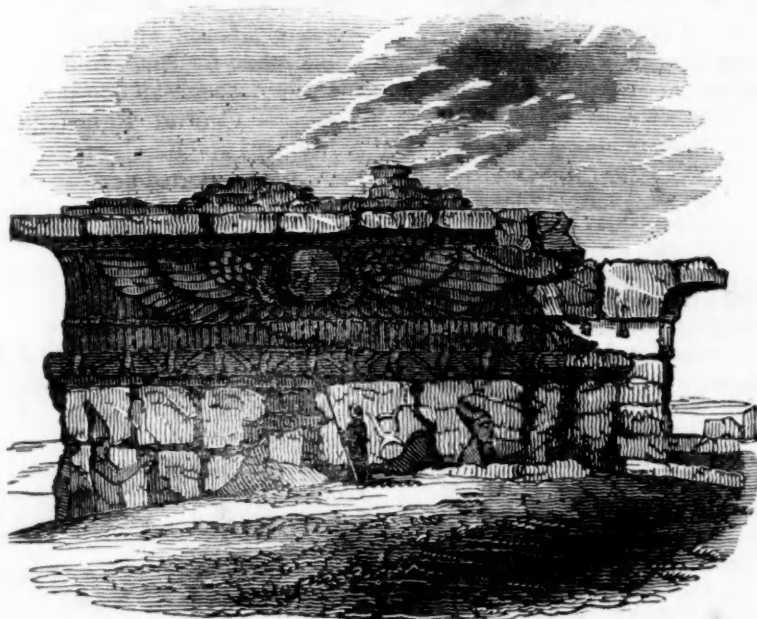
The Club met on Tuesday, July 15th, at half past 12, Dr. Archer, of Texas, in the chair.

On page 190 of the National Magazine, directions are given for preparing potatoes in a concentrated form, which ought to be known.

Texas.—Dr. Page, of Texas, read some written notes, from which we select the following facts: Texas contains 200 millions of acres, and is 700 miles from north to south and 300 from east to west. This is five times as large as New England, nearly as large as all the Southern states, and larger than France and Spain together. With a population like that of England per square mile it would hold 150 millions. The alluvial bottom lands on the rivers are from 3 to 20 miles wide, abounding with oaks, pecans, and several other trees. The table lands are yet the range of the buffalo and the home of the hunter. The northern region is still less known, but is said to abound in mines. Ice is seldom seen in Texas, except in the north. The south-east winds prevail as much in the summer as the north winds in the winter. It is superior to Louisiana, in the absence of swamps, and the lands cleared by nature, which bring no fever and ague.

Prairies in Texas.—One may travel for days, and almost weeks, without seeing any thing to vary the view except beautiful islands of timber, as the groves and thickets are called. No country so much abounds in valuable timber, particularly in the east, and all along the sea shore and bayous. The red cedar is abundant, one and a half feet through. Live oak is also abundant.

THE PRINCETON GUN.—The balls which this monster gun will carry will each be 113-4th inches in diameter, a quarter of an inch being left for wind bore, and will each weigh in cast iron 236lbs—so that the piece in reality, a “236 pounder.” Before delivery it will be proved at Bootle Bay, with a double charge of gunpowder 45lbs., and two balls, weighing of course together, 472lbs. It will be covered during the experiment with mats and sand, to avert the consequences of accident from disruption—*Selected*



AN EGYPTIAN TEMPLE IN RUINS.

Many of the ancient edifices of Egypt present an appearance as ruinous as this, though many others, and particularly some of the largest and finest, show their old foundations, and remain, with the original

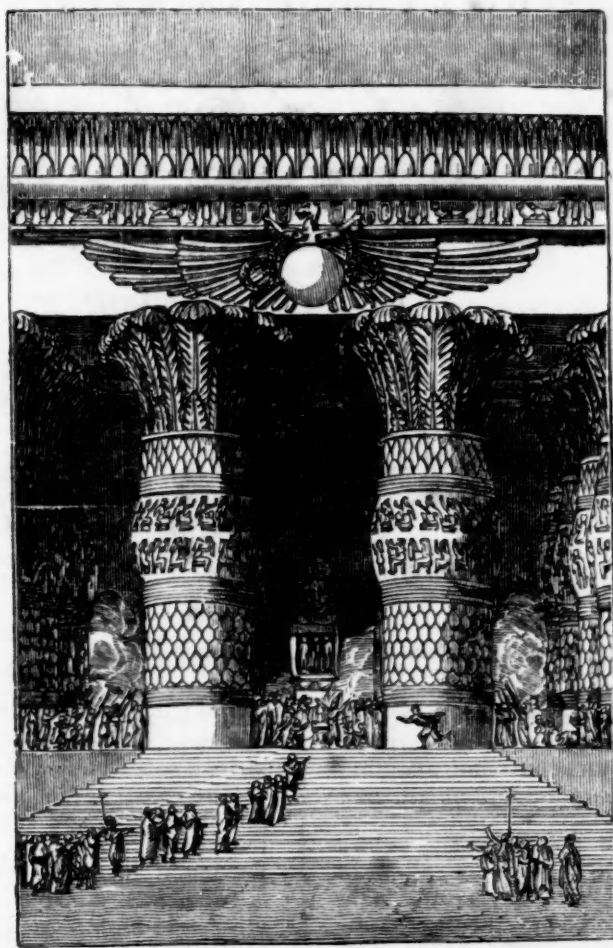
level of the land exposed. The accumulation of debris, and the blowing in of sand, have half buried numbers of temples, especially near the desert.

A Western Expedition.—We understand that upwards of forty young men, from no less than nineteen States, have made arrangements to accompany Mr. Whitney's party this summer, to examine a portion of the route proposed for the great Oregon railroad. Mr. Whitney will not allow any to take part in the expedition, of whom he can have any reason to apprehend that they might not prove agreeable or desirable companions. There are no limits to the number who may go; the more the merrier. Mr. Whitney will leave New York on the 2d of June, and proceed immediately to Milwaukee, the place of rendezvous, stopping a day at Buffalo, and another at Detroit. He expects to start from Milwaukee from the 12th to the 15th of June. The absence will be between three and four months, and he computes that the whole expense to each person will not exceed \$130—travelling expenses included.—(N. Y. News.)

The Misses Rice and the Three Bears.—The Portland Advertiser states that, in a secluded part of Oxford county, called, "The Andover Surplus" there reside two female farmers, who occupy a few acres, and "do their own chores"—hiring male help only for haying and harvesting. Out in the woods lately with the ox team, cutting and drawing their wood, one of the Misses Rice was

attracted by barking of the dog at a hollow tree. One of the young ladies was absent for the moment, and the other chopped a hole in the tree and came to a *bear skin*! Nothing daunted at the sight, she gave a poke and out scrambled bruin, whom she knocked down and despatched. A *second* bear immediately made his appearance, and she despatched *him*! A *third* bear then crept from the tree, and the same axe finished *him*! This Miss Rice considered a good morning's work, for there is a two dollar bounty on bears, and the skins and grease are worth five dollars at least. We should like to see Miss Rice, of the "Andover Surplus!"—N. Y. Mirror.

The Polar Expedition.—Once more our gallant tars are on their way to fields of ice; may we hope to realize all the good wishes for the successful result of their voyage, that they have taken with them. The ships Erebus and Terror left Woolwich on the 12th, and Greenhithe on the 19th of May, to pursue their way along the Eastern Coast, and thence by the Orkneys to Baffin's Bay, Barrow's Strait, and, as they best may speed, to Bhering Strait. We shall not fail to watch them as long as we can, and hope to have more to say of them in our next.—London Nautical for June.



AN EGYPTIAN TEMPLE RESTORED.

Such would be the appearance, or nearly such, of the ruinous and half buried edifice already given, if restored to its original state. But, when we consider the nature of the debasing system to which heathenism had sunk the mind and character of the Egyp-

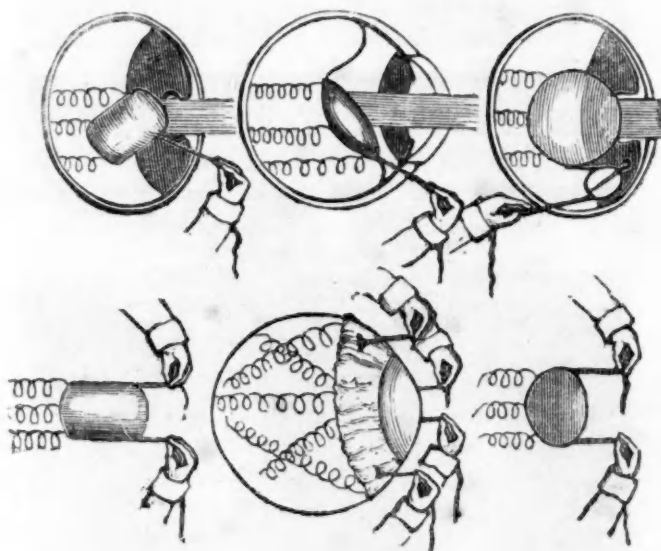
tians, we need not sigh for the return of an age like theirs, as their objectionable style of architecture, and still more their hideous idols, have no agreement with our wants or our welfare.

English Ladies in Canton.—"Mrs.—, a lady of fine appearance and resolute character, who has been residing a short time at Hong Kong, went to Canton a few weeks ago, to see that city, before her return to England. She went without her husband, and walked about the streets just when, where, and how she liked, without regard to crowds or customs, or the remonstrances of merchants, who were very fearful of the consequences,—but it all passed off quietly. She has secured the honor of being the first English lady who ever appeared thus in Canton. So great a change astonishes every one."

Wild Pigeons.—Wild pigeons have reared broods in large numbers on the waters of Congaree Creek and Edisto River, in Lexington District, during the present season. We believe it is the first instance of their breeding in this State since the settlement of the country.—*Columbia South Carolinian.*

The six Commissioners appointed by the United States and Great Britain to run the boundary line between the Province of Canada and the States, were lately in Berkshire, Vt.

THE EYES OF ANIMALS.

*Illustrations of the Adapting Muscles.*

These figures are designed to show that such eyes as have a magnifier in the form of a perfect sphere require but one adapting muscle, and that others require more than one.

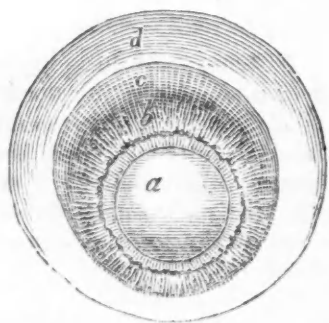
The upper figure on the left hand shows an elongated magnifier placed in a circle representing the eye, held back by elastic wires, and drawn forward by a string attached to one side. Rays of light represented as falling upon it, now strike it obliquely; and, although they might pass through it, and fall upon the retina behind, would not form a perfect image. The figure under this shows the magnifier drawn forward by two strings, which keep it in its proper position.

The second figure above presents a magnifier in the form of a lens, or less than a globe. And here it is seen, that, if drawn forward by one side only, its proper position

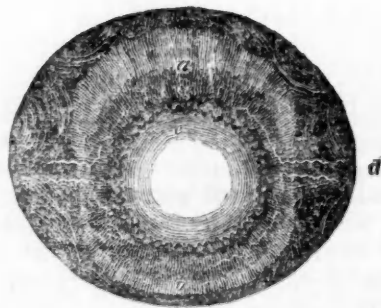
with respect to the rays of light will be lost, while the figure below shows that two strings equally drawn forward will retain it.

The third figure above, exhibits a globular magnifier, and the fact that one string may serve to adapt its distance, without putting it in a wrong position. The reason is plain; its shape is uniform—all sides are alike. It makes no difference whether it be partly turned round while drawn forward by a cord, or whether that cord passes over a pulley or not. The rays of light will still fall on a similar spherical surface, and pass through the same thickness, and the image will be perfect.

These simple illustrations will enable every reader clearly to understand the observations in our two last numbers on the adapting muscles, and some more which we have yet to make.

**EYE OF THE SHEEP.**

a is the magnifier, *b* part of the adjusting leaves, *c*, impressions from the upper adjusting muscles, *d*, Vitreous Humour.

**EYE OF THE OX.**

a. The upper adjusting muscle; *b*, lower do. *c*. Bloodvessels.

Traits of Moral Courage in every day life.

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have got the money in your pocket.—Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much you may admire it. Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is better that you should be silent. Have the courage to speak to a friend in a “seedy” coat, even in the street, and when a rich one is nigh; the effort is less than many people take it to be, and the act is worthy a king. Have the courage to set down every penny you spend, and add it up weekly. Have the courage to own that you are poor, and you disarm poverty of her sharpest sting. Have the courage to laugh at your personal defects, and the world will be deprived of that pleasure, by being reminded of their own. Have the courage to admit that you have been in the wrong, and you will remove the fact from the mind of others, putting a desirable impression in the place of an unfavorable one. Have the courage to adhere to a first resolution when you cannot change it for the better, and to abandon it at the eleventh hour, upon conviction. Have the courage to acknowledge your age to a day, and to compare it to the average life of man. Have the courage to make a will, and what is more a just one.—Have the courage to face a difficulty, lest it kick you harder than you imagine; for difficulties, like thieves, often disappear at a glance. Have the courage to avoid accommodation bills, however badly you want money; and to decline pecuniary assistance from your dearest friend. Have the courage to shut your eyes at the prospect of large profits, and be content with small ones. Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money; he will respect you more than if you tell him you can't. Have the courage to “cut” the most agreeable acquaintance you possess, when he convinces you that he lacks principle: “a friend should bear with a friend's infirmities”—not his vices.—Have the courage to show your preference for honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for vice, surrounded by attractions. Have the courage to give that which you can badly afford to spare; giving what you do not want nor value, neither brings nor deserves thanks, in return; who is grateful for a drink of water from another's overflowing well, however delicious the draught?—Have the courage to wear your old garments till you can pay for new ones. Have the courage to obey your Maker, at the risk of being ridiculed by man. Have the courage to acknowledge ignorance of any kind; every body will immediately doubt you, and give you more credit than any false pretensions could secure. Have the courage to prefer propriety to fashion—one is but the abuse of the other. Have the courage to listen to your wife, when you should do so, and not to listen

when you should not. Have the courage to provide a frugal dinner for a friend, whom you ‘delight to honor’; the importance of most things is that which we ourselves attach to them. Have the courage to ask a visitor to excuse you when his presence interferes with your convenience. Have the courage to throw your snuff box into the fire or the melting pot; to pass a tobacconist's shop; and to decline the use of a friend's box, or even one pinch. Have the courage to be independent if you can, and act independently when you may.—*English Gentleman.*

BIOGRAPHICAL.

[For the Am. Penny Magazine.]

HON. ROGER SHERMAN.

SELECTED FROM PRESIDENT DWIGHT'S TRAVELS.

By instruction in common schools, all persons in New England find free access to the Bible, and to many other sources of knowledge. Intellectual improvement is in some degree extended to all. Nor is the number of persons small, who, availing themselves of this education in early life, have, without any other advantages than such as their own industry and habits of inquiry furnished them, acquired considerable share of information; particularly of that practical knowledge which, more than any other, makes men useful members of society. Many such men, besides filling useful public offices of inferior distinction, and performing a great variety of that important business, which under many forms, and many names, exists in every society of civilized men, and is indispensable to general as well as personal happiness, have become magistrates, legislators, physicians, lawyers, and sometimes divines; and through life have sustained useful as well as honorable characters. Nay, such men have been found in several instances on the highest bench of justice, and in the most dignified seats of legislation—

The late Hon. Roger Sherman, was in early life unpossessed of any other education than that which is furnished by a parochial school. By his personal industry, he supported while a young man, the family left by his father; and provided the means of a liberal education for two of his brothers. By his original strength of mind, and his attachment to books of real use he qualified himself to hold, and with an uncommon degree of public esteem actually held, the successive offices of County-Surveyor, Justice of the Peace, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, Judge of the Superior Court, Representative in the State Legislature, Councillor, Member of the Old Congress, and Representative and Senator in the New Congress. In these offices he acquired, and deservedly, the highest respect, not only of the people of Connecticut, but also of the first citizens in other States throughout the Union. This gentleman, who went to the

grave with unabated honor, and to whose memory I pay this tribute with peculiar satisfaction, was what very few men acquainted with the learned are, accurately skilled in the grammar of his own language. At the same time he was an able Mathematician, and Natural Philosopher; extensively versed in the history of mankind; and a profound statesman, lawyer, and theologian. His character was completed by exemplary integrity, uprightness, and piety.

THE SUICIDE.

A BOARDING-HOUSE SKETCH.

(Communicated for the American Penny Magazine.)

BY AN OFFICER'S WIDOW.

"Miss Clarke, what has become of your friend?" said Mrs. Jones, as she entered the apartment of the former.

"What friend, Mrs. Jones?"

"Why, the young gentleman that came in the steam-boat with you, when you returned from Baltimore."

"There was no friend of ours among those who arrived that morning."

"Is it possible! He walked into the house immediately behind you; and, when I told him that my rooms were all occupied, he said he was so anxious to be in the same house with his friends, that he would put up with the most indifferent accommodations, until the departure of some of my boarders should enable me to give him better."

"I am so ignorant of this," said Miss Clarke, "that I do not even know to which of the gentlemen you allude. Was it the tall, slender young man with light hair?"

"No! it was the short, dark-complexioned man, who always rose when any of your party came into the room, and offered his chair; the one who asked your advice about the height at which the pictures should be hung."

"That man!" replied the young lady,—"all I know about him is what you mentioned, except that he met me on the stairs one morning as I was trying to get past Jacko, that ugly favorite of your son George's; and told me a long, and somewhat apochryphal story, of his having seen monkeys in the East Indies tie the little native children to the trunks of the trees with long grass, and whip them with bunches of it, until the blood came; upon seeing which, they immediately untie them, and let them go. I thought, as I had not seen him for some time, that he had gone where he belonged—wherever that might be."

"He has gone away" said Mrs. Jones, "but in rather a singular manner. Let me

see; to-day is Monday: it was Wednesday of last week: Do you not recollect my asking your brother to lend me his umbrella for twenty minutes, as one of the boarders had borrowed mine?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well; he had asked me to let him take it immediately after breakfast, saying he should not be gone more than half an hour; and that is the last I have seen of it or him."

"It is certainly very strange," replied Miss Clarke, "what has become of him:—did he take his baggage with him?"

"No: his trunk and his carpet-bag are both in his room. I feel as if some calamity must have befallen him, and yet I know not what to do."

"You had better tell the gentlemen when they come home to dinner, I should think," said Miss Clarke, "and they probably can assist you with their advice, and experience."

Mrs. Jones hardly waited to see her boarders seated at the dinner table, before she made known to them the unaccountable disappearance of her temporary inmate. A long discussion ensued. Who was he? where did he come from? and what was his profession? He had arrived in the Jersey steam boat, and that was the only fact elicited, except that one of the gentlemen felt very confident that he had seen him a year or two before in a certain city, in one of the most respectable mercantile houses in that city; and had understood he was a relative of one of the firm. Many opinions were given, and much advice offered; but the multitude of counsellors did not produce unity of opinion, and no investigations were made during the day.

When the family assembled at breakfast the next morning, one of the gentlemen who had taken an early walk, reported that the body of a young man who had committed suicide, had been taken to the hospital, to be claimed by his friends; he had not seen it, but, observing a crowd around the hospital gate, had felt a curiosity to know what occasioned it; and, from one of the throng, had learned the melancholy fact, that the corpse had just been carried into the house.

It was the unanimous opinion of those present, that the individual who had formerly seen the absentee, in a certain city, accompanied by the one who had given the appalling information, should go to the hospital and have their sad forebodings confirmed, or dissipated. With grave faces they took their departure, and left those who remained silent and thoughtful. They returned within an hour, serious, indeed; for the specta-

cle they had witnessed was most distressing ; but with minds much relieved, by finding that the features of the wretched man were unknown to them.

After various consultations during the day, it was determined to ascertain, if possible, the name, and place of residence of the stranger ; and inform his friends of his inexplicable absence. In order to do this, it was necessary to open his trunk, to find from his papers or clothing some of those particulars. After a number of unsuccessful attempts to find a locksmith, the gentlemen determined to delay the investigation no longer, but to open the trunk at all events, fearing that they might be censured, if any mischance had befallen him, for not sooner enquiring into the circumstances, and informing his family of the result.

Soon after tea, Mrs. Jones, accompanied by most of her family, ascended to the bedroom of the missing gentleman. His trunk and travelling bag were new, handsome and capacious. It was felt to be a delicate affair to open the trunk of another ; but the impossibility of arriving at the requisite information in any other manner, seemed to them all, not only to justify, but to demand the measure. The hasp of the trunk was, after some effort, removed, and the top was lifted. A large sheet of white paper covered the contents. On removing it, a sealed white paper parcel was found, on which was written on both sides "my letters." Books, put up separately in white paper, and sealed, were directed to John Smith, junior, B——. A small looking-glass, covered and directed in the same manner ; and a small, and exceedingly handsome pair of pistols completed the first series ; below which, was another large sheet of paper.

It seemed evident to every one, that the unfortunate man, meditating suicide, had prepared his trunk to be sent to his friends, as all the articles were directed back to the city he had just left. All felt the conviction that he had, in consequence of some insupportable distress, rushed, unbidden, into the world of spirits. On raising the second sheet of paper, clothing, arranged in the neatest possible manner, appeared, and a small bag, evidently containing specie.—The former was marked John Smith, jun., and this circumstance, by giving the name sought for, rendered further examination unnecessary.

Every thing was placed as nearly as possible in its original position, but it was very difficult to restore the appearance of perfect order which it presented when first

opened. The hasp was fastened tightly on, and the whole party returned to the parlor, to consult on the proper steps to be taken.

The name found confirmed the impressions of the gentleman who saw Mr. Smith in B——, it being the same as one of the firm in whose employment he had been ; and, with a heavy heart, Mr. Jackson sat down to write to them the melancholy circumstances attending the visit of their kinsman to the city. A gloom seemed to rest on every countenance during the remainder of the evening ; and, at breakfast the next morning, the conversation was almost entirely on the same depressing topic. There is something so revolting to human nature in the crime of suicide, that the most hardened cannot contemplate it, in any case but their own, without the deepest horror. It seems, on reflection, to be impossible that the mind can, in a sane condition, ever be brought to determine upon it. Goaded to desperation by some sudden vicissitude of life, reason totters on its throne, and man hurries, with all his unrepented sins, into the presence of his maker.

About an hour after the family had dispersed to their various avocations, and while the mistress of the house was making some arrangements for the day, Mr. John Smith, junior, of B——, walked into the parlor with the borrowed umbrella in his hand.

"I am very much obliged to you madam, for your umbrella," he said : "I hope I have not put you to any inconvenience by keeping it longer than I intended."

"O, Mr. Smith !" said Mrs. Jones, "where have you been so long ? We have been frightened to death about you !"

He laughed, and replied, that he had found, after he had arrived in town, that he had brought no money with him ; and as he intended going to France, he could not get along without funds ; and had been back to B—— to procure some.

Mrs. Jones recollected the bag of specie in the trunk, but only said, "You have no idea how your absence alarmed us ; we sent to the hospital, to see if a young man who had killed himself, was you."

Mr. Smith was almost convulsed with laughter : when he could speak he said, "Mrs. Jones, will you make out my bill ? There is a porter waiting at the door to take my luggage to the Havre packet, and I have not a moment to lose."

The bill was paid ; and the baggage taken away without investigation, much to the joy of Mrs. Jones, and of her boarders also, when they returned to dinner, though for a day or two, they felt a little apprehension that Mr.

Smith, on opening his trunk, and finding it had been searched, might indict them for a misdemeanor. In due course of mail, the gentleman who had written to B—— received an answer to his letter, thanking him for his attention, and saying, that young Mr. Smith had always been considered an honorable young man, but that he had left B—— in a sudden and rather mysterious manner—that they would be responsible for any sum due Mrs. Jones, but for no other. Of course the friends of Mr. Smith were never called upon for that, he having paid his own bill.

Nothing afterwards transpired in relation to the eccentric stranger, except that one of the family was strong in the belief that he saw him driving a gentleman's coach; and the one who had seen him in B——, asserted, with equal conviction of its truth, that in passing Fulton Market one morning, he had seen him at a short distance before him, carrying a leg of mutton in his hand, and that upon turning round, and recognising him, he had taken to his heels and disappeared round the first corner,—mutton and all; so that all immediate apprehensions of his meditating suicide, were done away.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Edward's Walk in the Woods.

(CONTINUED.)

The boys were much pleased, when they reached the top of a hill, at finding a large rock, containing pieces of isinglass. Edward's father stopped; and, taking out his knife, began to split off pieces, which he handed to them, telling them to observe how it could be separated into thin, transparent sheets. They took two or three pieces, and put them into their pockets, and then walked on, talking about this curious and beautiful mineral. We need not stop to hear all that was said; but the reader will find the substance of it in the 11th number of this Magazine, page 172d.; for Edward's father was pretty well acquainted with stones, and took care, when this subject was before the boys, to communicate to them as much important information about it as he could.

At the foot of a hill the boys complained of being very thirsty, and proposed to stop and drink some water, which they saw at a short distance. They picked leaves; and, having folded and pinched together a part of their edges, so as to

form little cups, they stooped, and dipped them full of water.

"What is the matter with this water?" cried Edward; "it is dirty—no, it don't seem to be dirty, for it is clear, but it looks brown, like strong tea."

"I do not think it is dirty," said his father, nor do I think it will hurt you. It has been colored by some plant, or decaying log of wood. But you need not mind that; you will soon find better water, for we are almost at the pond, where we are to dine. Did you ever hear of a river in South America, so impregnated with the juice of a medicinal tree, that the water is reputed to cure certain diseases when used for drink? The Spaniards were told so by the Indians, when they began their cruel conquest; and it has been conjectured to be the cinchona, or bark which yields the quinine, so efficacious in fevers."

The banks of the pond were bordered with trees and bushes, which gave a pleasant shade; and while they were eating, one of the boys threw a bit of bread into the water, which brought some little fish to the surface. They seemed to belong to a large and hungry family; for, when more crumbs were dropped, many more fishes came, and amused the children for some time with their lively motions. They got a pin, bent it, and tied it to a string which they happened to have, and tried a long time to catch some of the fish, with some bread for a bait: but they were not able to take one, although they could almost touch them with their hands.

METALS.—No. 5, ZINC.

Zinc has a white silvery color when freshly cut, but soon grows dull, and looks more like lead. Do you know the reason? It has a strong affinity for attraction for oxygen, even at common temperatures, and therefore is soon covered with a thin coat of rust. Do you know what a chemist would call that crust? Oxide of Zinc.

Ores.—We have a good deal of zinc ore in New Jersey and some other parts of our country. It is the sulphuret of zinc. It is brittle, shining, and heavy stone, com.

monly dark or light brown, sometimes yellowish. It shines like feldspar when broken.

Uses.—Zinc has lately become abundant and cheap, and is often used to cover our roofs, being less expensive than lead, tin or copper; and, when painted, very durable. But it should *not be* trodden upon. Cheap fish oil and Spanish brown are often used to paint it with.

When melted with copper, it forms brass.

Galvanism.—Get a small piece of zinc and lay it on your tongue, and take a bit of silver, (as a sixpence or a shilling,) and lay it under your tongue; then press the front part of each till they touch, and you will have a very odd feeling in your tongue. This is a slight shock of galvanism, which is a strange thing that cannot be seen, but is about us, in every thing and in us, and commonly does no harm, but it may be so used as to produce very powerful effects. It is much like electricity, or lightning, in some respects, and has something to do with magnetism, for it will make a magnet of a piece of iron while passing through it. Professor Morse's Magnetic telegraph works by this means. He sends a quantity of galvanism by a wire from one city to another in less than a second, and has a piece of steel at each end, which draws up a steel rod when it is magnetized, and drops it when it is not, and a pen at the end makes a mark every time, which stands for a letter of the alphabet, and so it spells out whatever is to be communicated.

I have no more room to-day to speak of metals; but I would ask my young readers, whether minerology is worth knowing.

A LETTER TO CHILDREN.

MY YOUNG FRIENDS.—Did you ever see a blind person? Have you ever thought of their situation? When you look upon the beautiful green grass, the trees, rivers, and everything which is pretty, have you ever thought of those who never saw any of these things? There are many such in world, who cannot see a particle of light, but live always in darkness. When they go out in the bright sunshine, every thing is as dark to them as the blackest midnight to you. Only think for a moment how lonely they must be. They must have some one to lead them about, to keep them from danger which they cannot see. Do you not pity them? Kind-hearted christian men have pitied them, and have found-

ed schools for them; and I am going to tell about one of these schools which I visited a short time since. It is in South Boston. They have a large building five stories high, built on a hill from which you can see the city, and harbour, with its vessels and steamboats moving in every direction. Perhaps you would think that the beautiful place would be of no use to blind persons, and that they might just as well be in some dull, dark place. It is not so. They cannot see the beautiful scene, but they can hear and feel, and when they go out and feel the warm sunshine, and the fresh, pure air, and hear the singing birds, and the ringing bells, they are just as much pleased as you would be.

In this large building are collected seventy-five or eighty of those blind boys and girls from all parts of the country. They all live in this place, and have teachers to teach them everything which they can learn. They learn very fast: and I fear that very many of you, who have two good eyes, would feel ashamed of your ignorance, if you were reciting with these poor blind children. They are almost all good musicians, and sing and play on different kinds of instruments very finely. This is a great blessing to them in their dark hours, and cultivates their feelings, causing them to forget their lonely situation. They have a school four hours in a day, and learn to read and write; also arithmetic, algebra, geography, grammar, history, &c.

Do you think it strange that blind children can learn to read? I will tell you how they do it. They read with their fingers. Their books are printed on thick paper, and are printed with the paper wet, so that the letters are raised up. Supposing the large letters in this paper were raised up a little from the paper, so that you could feel them. They move their fingers over these raised letters, and soon learn to read very fast. In the same way, they learn geography, and everything else. They have maps and globes, with the rivers, mountains, towns, &c. raised; and by moving their fingers over them, learn the situation of countries and places, so as to answer all the questions in geography as well as you can. I heard them read, and recite in geography and arithmetic, when I was there. They also learn very many other things. The girls can sew, knit, braid, and do many kinds of house work; and the boys do many kinds of work in shops, such as making brooms, brushes, mats, &c.—*Christian Reflector.*

POETRY.

For the Amer. Penny Magazine.

Lines written on the Birth of a Child.

With face half strange, but half well kown,
The little one appears
Amidst our smiling circle borne,
But pays our smiles with tears.

We thank the Giver: but we look
With trembling down the course,
Where tends this feeble infant brook
To ocean's billows hoarse.

O, shun that rocky precipice!
Bend not your current there,
Though many a channel's thither worn,
It dashes to despair.

Turn, turn your tiny stream along
Where this sweet slope descends—
Through perfumes rich and heavenly songs
Yon noble river bends.

There many an ancestor's bright life
In lines of light are given,
Your sole inheritance, my babe
But the rich gift of heaven.

Come with us flow, through holy scenes,
And pour a current pure;
With us imbibe no stain from earth,
Still moving strait and sure.

HOME.

I would fly from the city, would fly from its
care,
To my own native plants and flowerets so fair,
To the cool grassy shade and the rivulet
bright,
Which reflects the pale moon in its bosom of
light.
Again would I view the old cottage so dear,
Where I sported, a babe, without sorrow or
fear;
I would leave this great city, so brilliant and
gay,
For a peep at my home on this fair summer
day.
I have friends whom I love, and would leave
with regret,
But the love of my home, oh! 'tis tenderer yet,
There a sister reposes unconscious in death,
'Twas there she first drew, and there yielded
her breath:
A father I love is away from me now,
Oh! could I but print a sweet kiss on his
brow,
Or smooth the gray locks to my fond heart
so dear,
How quickly would vanish each trace of a tear!
Attentive I listen to pleasure's gay call,
But my own happy home—it is dearer than
all.—*Selected.*

THE GREAT FIRE IN NEW YORK.

One of the most destructive fires that ever prevailed in this city broke out in New Street, on Friday night, July 16th, and soon extended to Broadway, which it crossed above the Bowling Green, and to Garden and Broadstreets and Exchange Place. The amount of property destroyed, chiefly in large stores, is estimated at from ten to fifteen millions. Nearly five millions are insured, a large proportion of it, though not the greater part, in England. It is believed that most of the insurance offices will be able to pay their losses, and perhaps all; though some of them must give up nearly on quite their whole capital.

The buildings burnt were about 300 stores, two large hotels, and a number of private houses. Several dead bodies have been found, and it is feared that more lives were lost. Three whole cargoes of tea, which had been landed, are among the merchandize destroyed.

An awful explosion took place in one of New-street stores soon after the fire commenced, which extended the flames, and terrified the firemen; otherwise, it is thought, the conflagration would have been soon suppressed.

✂ Editors receiving this paper in exchange, re-invited to reinsert the following advertisement

THE AMERICAN PENNY MAGAZINE

AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

Edited by Theodore Dwight, Jr.

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